

alone with the spouse divine

(ekanta seva)

*english rendering of the telugu poem
of sri venkata parvateesa kavulu*

translator

b. rajani kanta rao
ttd publications



picture on the cover page

"the tryst between the
individual soul and the
supreme"

portrayed by
—sri bapu

when both the pairs of eyes have met in one plane

did a garland of saphires swing across the sky?

when both the faces have come across each other

did a creeper of moonlight entwine the cosmos?

when words of each have echoed one with the other

did all directions resound in divine lyrics?

when both the hearts felt the warmth of one another,

did the whole nature feel lost in itself?

To Chy. Sos Praewna and Chy. Babu

Nonna
23.10.80

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an english rendering of the original telugu poem of
kavirajahamsa, kavikulalankara
sri venkataparvateeswara kavulu

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b. rajani kanta rao



published by

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1980

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by

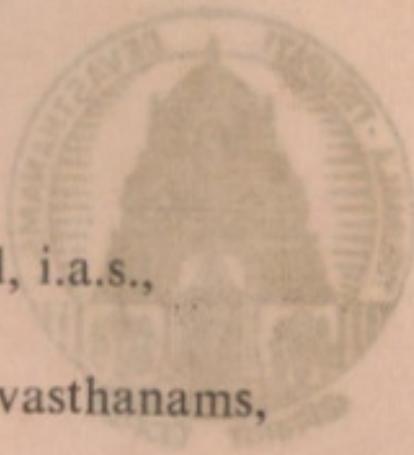
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కవిరాజహంస

'kavirajahamsa', 'kavikulalankara'
sri venkataparvateeswara kavulu
original authors of 'ekantaseva'

(voleti parvateesam)

(balantrapu venkata rao)

dedicated with
filial devotion
to
my mentors

transcreator.

b. rajani kanta rao





foreword

“two fairwinged birds, together, mutually attached,
cling on to the same tree;

one of them eats a delicious pippal fruit,—
without eating, the other keeps on observing”.

(‘dwa suparna’ - rigveda- mandala-1)

this same hymn occurring in the first canto of rigveda, has been later quoted by the upanishads. it carries with it, in the form of a symbolic fable, the relationship between the jeevatma (the individual soul) and the paramatma (the supreme soul). the sublime heights and the mystic depths of the import of this fable are heightened and deepened respectively, when one comes to know that the three great streams of hindu philosophical thought, the adwaita, the visishtadwaita, and the dwaita propagated by the three great acharyas (sankara, ramanuja and madhwa) each being quite distinct and variant from the other, emanated from the same hymn from rigveda.

out of the three yogas (karma, jnana and bhakti) propounded in the gita, bhakti yoga being the simplest, won over massive following through centuries, from generations of common people of hindu society. in no smaller measure it was due to continuous propagation by a chain of saint poets beginning almost from the early years of christian era. bhaktiyoga imbibes this theme of conjugal love between the eternal lovepair consisting of a nayika (heroine) identified as the jeevatma or every living being and the nayaka (hero) as the paramatma taking the cue from the very same hymn from rigveda.

‘ekantaseva’ of sri venkataparvateeswarakavulu enjoys the unique distinction in modern telugu literature, of being one

of the few forerunners in subjective poetry, particularly portraying the spiritual essence of the hoary 'bhaktiyoga', transporting the reader into sublime communion with the nature and creator, an experience which can be reached only through some of the devotional lyrics of great saint poets of yore.

'alone with the spouse divine' is an english translation of 'ekantaseva', rendered by sri b. rajanikanta rao, an m.a. of andhra university, well-known broadcaster, playwrite and poet. his being the son of sri balantrapu venkataraao, one of the illustrious twin authors of 'ekantaseva' assures authenticity, and closeness of the translation to the telugu original. no subsequent edition of 'ekantaseva' has come out since 1936 (first edition 1922). "tirumala tirupati devasthanams" feel proud of having acquired the entire copyright of the english translation of this lyrical poem, ably rendered by one of the special officers on their (ttd) staff and for bringing out this first edition of the same as part of their programme of publishing such literary gems representing and reflecting our culture and spiritualism, to be placed in the hands of the vast conclave of english reading public in andhra pradesh, and other states of india and the world at large, to meet the long-standing demand for such literature.

p.v.r.k. prasad,
executive officer,
t.t.d., tirupati.

intro

‘rajani’ - a profile

my decade-old dream has at last been translated into reality by the tirumala-tirupati devasthanams and for me it is an affirmation of the divine will. about ten years ago, when my good friend rajani placed in my hands a typed copy of “alone with the spouse divine,” an english rendering of “ekanta seva,” I took it with mixed feelings of joy, affection and scepticism. my close association with rajani since our teenage to our old age accounts for the joy and bonds of affection. I browsed through the pages with a gnawing feeling of scepticism. how could anyone translate ekanta seva into english? the original is the inspired utterance of a mystic experience, an emotional surge of torrential tranquility. the long telugu poem has a crystalline spontaneity about it encased in a magical web. after reading a few pages, scepticism started melting yielding place to awe and admiration.

rajani had done an astonishing feat, I discovered. he was able to transform all the beauty, magic and sweetness of the original into his english rendering. he was as perfectly at home in english as he was in telugu. the genes cannot go wrong, I realised; rajani, the son of an illustrious poet, was already recognised and accepted as a major poet in telugu and as a top musicologist, he was already a household name. and after “alone with the spouse divine,” he arrived in english poetry too. as a token of my admiration and as a mark of celebration, I arranged for serialisation of excerpts from the book in the sunday edition of “deccan chronicle” in two different periods. it was then I cherished the dream of this book getting a publisher.

there is a time for everything in the lord's scheme and now it is being presented to the english-reading world by the tt devasthanams. it has the blessings of lord venkateswara. down the ages, spiritual quest has been the inspiration of all great art and literature; ekanta seva is the individual soul's ecstatic agony to merge in the universal soul. all true ecstasy is agony and man, frail man in the ultimate analysis, is lonely, terribly lonely, ever restless to commune with the oversoul, as emerson called it. when rajani had occasion to live for a while in a town nestled in the himalayas, his heart quivered with a strange caressing emotion. he must have had a brush with the spouse divine. this book is the result of its recollection in tranquillity. it is a fruit of the himalayas offered at the feet of the lord of the seven hills. parvateesam is the himalayan lord and venkata is the lord of the seven hills. the joint authors of the original were venkata-parvateeswarulu. and rajani is the son of venkata. can the entire sequence be just a coincidence? I am entitled to my faith in a divine dispensation.

perhaps this stress on the spiritual aspect of the work does some injustice to the twin-poets as well as rajani in the sense that it may tend to overlook the literary grandeur of ekanta seva. in fact, it is a major classic produced in telugu early this century. venkata-parvateesvara kavulu is a compound-name to conjure with in telugu literature. the twins blazed a new trail and established a new trend in Telugu poetry as well as telugu prose. their novels are as great as their poetry. their prose flows like a majestic river whose waters are clean, sweet and crystal-clear. across half-a-century, they strode the telugu literary world like two colossuses. at a time when "literary movements" and associations were fashionable, they kept away from all associations, great debates and controversies but devoted all their

time to creative writing. the twin-poets were an institution by themselves.

as a teenager during the mid-thirties of this century, I had occasion to watch them at work helped by my good fortune to be accepted in their respective households as a close member. to this day, across a time-span of very nearly five decades, the personalities of venkata rao and parvateesam are firmly etched in my memory. tall, gaunt, medium-complexioned, with an oval face, overbroad forehead, dark sharp eyes, venkataraao looked every inch a patriarch. he had no a no-nonsense air about him. but behind a stern exterior was a heart which was a real heart that gave you freely all the affection you wanted. large and thick-moustached parvateesam, chubby with large liquid eyes, wore his heart on his shirt sleeves. his loud hearty laughter was as contagious as his disposition was sweet.

they were the “twin-poets” and novelists who through their prodigious output, especially prose, influenced the modes of thinking and feeling of literate andhras in their life and times. it is their novels that first encouraged the reading habit among middle-class housewives. they were the pioneers. some of the all-time literary giants lived in pithapuram and kakinada in that golden era of telugu renaissance. those were the days of fervent nationalism when the nation was struggling hard to re-discover its soul. winds of change were blowing across the country and history was in the making. on the maidans of kakinada we listened to jawaharlal nehru, rajendra prasad, mahatma gandhi, jayaprakash narayan, kamaladevi chattopadhyaya, tanguturi prakasam and yes, to the raja of bobbili and sir k.v. reddi who told us why we needed the british rule for ever in this country. on the very day the second world war broke out, subhas chandra bose

was in kakinada addressing a mammoth crow . yes, we were present there when he broke the news.

such was the literary, cultural and political milieu in which rajani and I grew up. there was a separation when rajani went to waltair to do his m.a. there was reunion again; and cast in the stream of life, we lived in madras and hyderabad for long spells. the bonds grew with the passage of time. we have thousands of shared experiences, memories. rajani is a born singer. he was a musical prodigy by the time he was ten. rajani the teen-aged boy with kurta and pyjama sang exclusively for me, another teen-aged boy with a kurta and pyjama on the canal boats of kakinada on windy evenings, wintry nights, on the beaches of marina, in stuffed rooms. as a teen-aged boy, I extracted a promise from him to become a celebrated musician. he kept faith by me and did become a musician of eminence, but a musicologist and composer of greater eminence. his "satapatra sundari," a collection of songs, and poems and viswaveena, a collection of his operas, have a unique place in telugu literature. his exhaustive and comprehensive "history of andhra musicologists" down the centuries which bagged the central sahitya akademy award is the most definitive and authoritative work so far in telugu.

he has written hundreds - literally hundreds - of musical plays for the all india radio. broadcasting was still cutting its milk teeth when rajani joined the madras station as a staff artiste. his talent was discovered by a.i.r. and he in turn discovered the potentialities of radio as a mass medium. he rose quickly and became an executive and eventually was made director. while in madras, carnatic musicians of national stature regularly sang for a.i.r. and rajani had occasion to exchange ideas and the interaction was very rewarding. though trained to be a classical musician, rajani

used his music-discipline to compose lyrics and set them to music. musical plays are his forte and his radio musical play "from the mountain to the sea" depicting the course of the majestic river godavari across the indian peninsula won for him an international award. music is rajani's life-breath and it is this mastery that informs his poetry and lyrics. even in a narrative poem, he packs clusters of 'laya' which display magical patterns. he makes the unheard heard and the unseen seen. his composition on the 'time and the universe' depicting the quintessence of cosmology enthals the listener as well as elevates him. cradled in music, nurtured on telugu and sanskrit literature, rajani is essentially a musician's musician, a man who can also explain the why of music, not merely the how of it. this attempt of mine is only to give a background of the author who produced "alone with the spouse divine" his achievements in various fields and mention his rich contribution to telugu literature, music and musicology. he carries his sixty years lightly, he is young in mind and spirit and he has amazing reservoirs of energy. such is his commitment with the muses. I wish I could pat him on the back but his shoulders are too high for me. as a close friend, I always ask him whenever we meet, "read to me or sing for me your latest." he never disappoints me; he will not, in future also. lord venkateswara bless you, rajani.

53, jeera,
secunderabad,
july, 1980.

gora sastri

preface

in world literature, very rarely do we come across joint authorship of poetical works. in english literature the names of *beaumont* and *fletcher*, contemporaries to *shakespeare* and in french, *bead* and *kaedman* are known to be joint authors. but, it is a unique feature of telugu literature that we have joint authors not only in the medieval period, but also in the modern period. the earliest pair consisted of *nandi mallaya* and *ghanta singanna* who wrote 'varahapuram,' a poetical work dedicated to *tuluva narasanayak* (father of *krishnadevaraya* of imperial *vijayanagar*). in the modern period, we have several pairs, like *tirupati venkata kavulu*, *ramakrishna kavulu*, *kopparapu sodarakavulu*, *devulapalli sodarakavulu*, *seshadri ramana kavulu*, *venkata parvateeswara kavulu* and *pingalikaturi kavulu* etc. the first five pairs among these modern poets became popular and famous more for their scholarship, and prowess in extempore versification and literary combats than for extensive and fullfledged literary work in the field of poetry and drama with a few exceptions. but, the last two pairs won esteem and eclat even for their comparatively limited number of poetical works and stray poems on various themes, owing mainly to their selection of theme, high standard of poetic expression and exemplary style imbibed from the best of poets of the preceding generations.

among those mentioned above, the last pair but one, viz. *venkataparvateeswara kavulu*, who had their heyday in the first half of this century, consisted of *sri balantrapu venkataraao*, and *sri voleti parvateesam*. 'alone with the spouse divine' is a transcreation in english of the unique poetical work 'ekantaseva' of these twin poets who were also the founders of a pioneering publishing concern in andhra, called the *andhra pracharini grantha nilayam* founded

in 1911. sri venkatarao of this pair happens to be the father of the translator (*rajani*). 1881 being the year of birth of this poet, around next january starts the birth centenary year of this illustrious duo.

the present translator deems himself to be fortunate in having had the 'creative den' of *venkataparvateeswara kavulu* for his 'play-penn' in childhood and in having been an intimate disciple of *sri pingali lakshmikantam* of *pingali katuri kavulu* in andhra university.

people, often wonder how it would be possible for two persons to compose jointly a single poetical work and they tend to divide the stanzas, passages and chapters of the work between the two, trying to allocate authorship to each one or the other, from what they assume to be the characteristic of that poet. a really effective pair never gives scope for such division and allocation. may be, one of the joint authors, basically emotional and the other intellectual by nature. but, when they work together constantly, each influences the other and imbibes the qualities of the other. thus, even when such joint authors separate and start writing individually the result will be as of old.

when the twin poets *venkatarao* and *parvateesam* perfectly matched as they were in their bloom, chose a universal and sublime theme like the love of the individual soul for the almighty for a poem, and resorted to a terrace in the compound of the *bhimeswara swami*'s temple in *samalkot*, as the sanctum, for carrying out their sacred task, there emerged within a fortnight, around 1920, the present devotional ecstasy '*ekantaseva*'.

the advent of '*ekantaseva*' marked a twilight period in the transition of theme and form, in modern telugu poetry,

from exercises in extempore versification in *avadhanams*, and objective and descriptive presentation of conventional themes to subjective poems on various themes emanating from the poet's inner self, and thoughts about nature, society and the universe.

the theme of 'ekantaseva' as already mentioned, is the quest of the individual soul, its longing for union with the beloved, the supreme soul. it is a tale of universal love. it is the love of each individual soul which is depicted as the heroine, and recounts the narrative in first person, her spiritual feelings and experiences, her having had a personal audience with the lord, his sudden disappearance, her pining for him in separation, her commissioning of the cuckoo the parrot and the bumble bee as messenger maids to search for the lord, the quest and finally the ultimate seizure of the citadel of love in the august presence of the greater than the greatest in the universe.

in this poem, all the conventional paraphernalia of a lyrical drama like *jayadeva's geetagovindam* are portrayed in a subjective poetic narration, naturally with a tenor of a dance drama or a lyrical ballad, which certainly sounded an outlandish and unconventional note for some of the critics of modern poetry in the early part of this century. it must be noted that the conventional paraphernalia of a lyrical drama are of purely desi or folk origin and quite different from those of the medieval *prabandhas*, *kavyas* or feudalistic court poetry.

the earliest parallels depicting a devotee's conjugal love for the supreme being can be found in *tiruvai mozhi* of *nammalvar*, *tiruppavai* of *andal* and *tirumadal* of *tirumangaiwar* which were held sacred as part of the *Divyaprabandhams*—called *nalayiram* (eighth century). similar 'sati

pati bhava' or conjugal love is expressed in several devotional lyrics of the saiva saint *akkamahadevi* (12th century).

the musico-dance—monologues entitled ' *srigaditam*' mentioned amongst *upa rupakas* (minor forms of dramatic performance) in the *natyasastra* of *Bharata* (between the 2nd century b.c. and 2nd century a.d.) very strongly confirm the antiquity of such lyrical presentations, having for their theme conjugal love of divine consorts, pangs of separation, commissioning of messenger-maids etc., portrayed and enacted by a single female performer. *palkuriki* (13th century) and *srinatha* (15th century) speak of performances being in vogue in their time, in which a single woman played the role of *parvati* or *lakshmi*, enacting love themes concerning *siva* or *vishnu* as the case may be. *bhamakalapam* of *kuchipudi siddhendrayogi* is exactly such a monologue in all its characteristic features.

perhaps, that is the reason, as it seems to us, why *kavitvavedi* (*sri k. narayana rao*) a senior literary critic of the century adopted a totally uncharitable attitude and expressed no sympathy with such a heroine, with such 'desi' style of portrayal and peroration as found in the *ekantaseva* of *venkataparvateeswara kavulu* although unwittingly he acknowledged her resemblance to the ' *bhama*' of ' *bhagavatam*' (street play with a bhagavata puranic theme), the same lack of appreciation for desi forms of lyrical presentation appears to have made *sri akkiraju umakantam*, another senior critic of the century, adopt a purely pedantic stance. it is evident that he could not grasp the shades of difference in sense in some of the expressions carrying the meaning like—sweet, soft, bright, causing pleasure to the mind, spreading auspiciousness etc.

it is interesting to note that a lyric of *chandidas*, a poet whom (15th century), the followers of the krishna cult in bengal, esteem next only to their *adiguru* and trend-setter *jayadeva* (of *geetagovindam*), runs almost like a photostat copy both in vocabulary and imagery of the verse no. XVI of 'alone with the spouse divine':—what a coincidence!

"I would make my residence in the city of love;
 I shall build there a hut with love;
 I shall make love my neighbour and part company with all
 else;
 my door shall be love, love too shall be my roof;
 I shall pass time in the sweet repose of love and
 I shall sleep on a bed of love and have love for my
 pillow;
 I shall be idly clasping the pillow of love and shall be
 a playmate of love;
 I shall bathe in the lake of love and shall wear the
 collyrium of love;
 Love will be my religion, love will be my service.
 and I shall dedicate myself to love;
 I shall make a nose-ring of love
 which will wave to and fro, by the corner of the eye
 says chandidas, I too will wear the collyrium of love!"

—*chandidas*

only telugu metres of 'desi' origin like *manjari-dwipada*, *thetageeti*, and *ataveladi* which have the inherent lyrical quality of a song or ballad were chosen by the joint authors for their poem, *ekantaseva*. this again confirms the innovative resourcefulness of the authors who got inspiration both for a sublime theme and a format that goes straight to the hearts of the people, from purely indigenous sources. before coming out in 1922 in book form, the poem was serialised in a women's monthly periodical called '*anasuya*',

edited by *smt. vinjamuri venkataratnamma* and published from kakinada. the editor was being assisted in the editing of the magazine, by her younger brother, *sri devulapalli krishnasastry*. it was acknowledged often by *sri krishnasastry* that these 'twin poets' opened some closed windows of his creativity, in the formative stages. as soon as 'ekantaseva' came out, the poem elicited admiration of such scholars and intellectuals of the day as *sir raghupati venkataratnam naidu*, *sri peddada ramaswamy*, *dr. chilukuri narayanarao*, and *dr. tekumalla rajagopalarao*. the publication carried an english introduction by *sri peddada ramaswamy* and a telugu introduction by *sri krishnasastry*. *sir raghupati venkataratnam* used to get into raptures and shed tears whenever he recited some passages from *ekantaseva*, as part of his prayers and sermons in the congregations of *brahmasamaj*. the hero or the supreme soul in *ekantaseva* is non-denominational - the lord of all, without attributes. that is why *sri krishnasastry* declared in his introduction, that the 'ekantaseva' of these devotional poets means to the andhras what tagore's *gitanjali* means to the bengalis. this statement of *sri sastry* led some critics and literary historians who had knowledge of neither work to assume that *ekantaseva* was an adaptation of *gitanjali*.

each lyric or verse in tagore's *gitanjali* is an independent entity. english *gitanjali* is a rendering into english, of selected lyrics from the bengali *gitanjali* and those from another collection of tagore's bengali lyrics called 'naivedya.' each poem in *gitanjali* is an independent supplication to the almighty, by a thoughtful philosopher poet, who pours out his devotion to the lord, and at times his love of the motherland which was then under foreign domination.

but 'ekantaseva' is of a different mould. it runs into sixty odd verses all connected into a continuous theme

viz., the quest of the individual soul for the almighty. if one has to name a source of inspiration for this poem, a possible one may be as we have already indicated earlier, the *bhamakalapam* of *siddhendrayogi* which is a lyrical monologue of purely telugu origin.

before concluding the preface, the translator would like to quote two salient paragraphs from the introduction of *sri peddada ramaswamy*.

"religion reaches its climax in the beatitudes of conjugal love, in the ecstasies of bridal atonement, in the raptures of spousal union. and yogis and mystics and sufis all over the world have worked themselves into the sex of the woman and mirrored forth their high spirituality in the absorbing quest of the celestial bridegroom, in the midnight tryst with the lord of *brindavan*, in the enraptured communion with the heart-ravisher. and all the paraphernalia o' kisses and embraces, of perfume and zephyrs, of the wine and the flute, of the rose and the lotus, of the bulbul and kokila are only the imagery which signify the throb of expectancy or the thrill of enjoyment, the anguish of the quest or the ecstasy of realisation, the torture of separation or the transport of union.

"of such spousal consummation, 'ekantaseva' is a most superb and inspired epithalamium.

"the soul that has realised god has the indwelling inspirer, beholds him as a besetting presence..who can praise the surpassing glory of the supreme being? words are frail and fall off, thought is stupefied and turns away..the initiated alone know, the elect alone enjoy. and of such a chosen soul, the blessed bride of the lord of love, the only prayer is that the lord may vouchsafe ever to let it abide in him and

grant unto the precious blessing the valued privilege, the indescribable delight, the rapturous experience, the ravishing ecstasy of singing his love, proclaiming his glory, fulfilling his will, establishing his kingdom through time and eternity. such is the mystic experience, such the inspired message of these marvellous "twin poets"—(sri peddada ramaswamy)

denied the felicity of feeding from the mother's breast, as a child, having drunk deep from his father the nectar of this lyrical poem, which was born along with him, and finding himself often lost in ecstasy while reciting the passages from this poem in his formative years, this translator had the fortune of rendering it into english, when he had an occasion practically to reach the himalayan heights in his career near darjeeling (1968-69)! provided the language of the lyric is agreeable to the english reader at large, the transcreator will vouch for its being faithful to the thought, imagery and spirit of the telugu original. except that a musician's inherent sense of rhythm was given the reins in chiselling the lyrics, no conscious effort was made to follow any known metrical form in english. if the english reader also feels the same absorbing involvement in the theme as the readers of the telugu original and is able to soar to the same peaks of sublime state of mind, the translator will deem his efforts to have borne fruit.

it is the bounden duty of this writer, to express his sincere gratitude to the members of the advisory committee of experts who were unanimous in their recommending "alone with the spouse divine" for publication, and to sri p.v.r.k. prasad, the dynamic and pragmatic executive officer of tirumala tirupati devasthanams for accepting the recommendation, and to sri ravula suryanarayananmurthy, the public relations officer, sri k. subba rao, the editor, and sri vijayakumar reddi, the manager and his staff in the

t.t.devasthanams press, for all their unstinted co-operation in bringing out the book in the form and get up in the most desirable manner as envisaged by this writer, (including sri k.m.d.henry artiste, kalapitham ttd, for his valueable suggestions and nice drawing). the affection and genuine admiration of sri gorasastri, reputed writer and editor, andhrabhoomi for the translator and his creative talent and sastri's regard and esteem for the twln poets, which enthused him to give such a grand 'intro', are so thick and high, that make any expression of grattuide pale out beyond frontiers of formality. the same is the case with 'bapu', sri sathiraju lakshminarayana, the asthana chitrakar of ttd and well-known producer who has been so nice to have prepared such a thoughtful and attractive title page.

to andhra pracharini parishat, kakinada a public charitable trust, devoted to continuation of the literary activity as originally envisaged by the twin poets, and to swami satyaprakash meherananda who has been steering it ever since, mention must be made of our respectful thanks for blessing our translation and according kind permission for its publication.

the translator's gratitued needs be expressed in no casual terms to his elder brother sri b. nalinikanta rao well know literateur and poet, and prof. v. k. gokak, the ex-vice chancellor of bangalore university, and director of the central institute of engilish, both, for having gone through the manuscript and offered valuable suggestons and guidelines to tone up the idiom and expression in the translation. last but not the least, is the writer's humble bow to the Lord but for whose grace, the mysteries of this poem would not have been revealed and made it possible for the translator to recreate the poem in the manner it has come out in a language which is not his mother tongue.

—b. rajani kanta rao.

heralding the sunrise.

prologue

sunrise on evolution

the glory of nature and revelations of pure consciousness
 are drawn together into communion as meaning and purpose;
 to the basic note of the eternal scripture
 the melodies of the poet supply the harmonic fifth;
 the roseate light of dawn suffuses
 the soul's horizon with divine love and grace;
 the rising of the sun spreads the splendour of
 the unique magnificent and eternal union:—
 stretching out arms, which sprinkle golden showers
 thrills the lakes of aesthetic rapport,
 releasing the gentle breeze bearing everfresh fragrances
 and filling the ovary of the cosmic lotus with a sudden effusion;
 holding out the halo of an auspicious day-break,
 and delighting the whole world;
 such is sun rise which spreads its splendour
 of its unique magnificent and eternal union:—
 charming the blossoming hearts and giving out sweet smell,
 revealing its graceful presence, embedded with a luminous glow
 bestowing prosperity and happiness over all
 such is sunrise and its diffusion of splendour!

the garden I roam about, the essence of my speech.
the apron to which my boons are strung, my light,
my rocking boat, the pupil of my sight,
may he tarry as long as I serve-

sweet presentiments.

i

some how, my nature is with an aura of passion enriched,
and my thoughts, they are with joyousness surcharged;
and oh the heart, with love sublime is saturated;
and the body is to subtle impulses subjected;
perhaps it's time to pay the lord devotions mine,
time perhaps to be all alone with the spouse divine;
raising your gifted heart-enrapturing fifth note
why don't you sing, O koil dearie, why don't you?
so that in pitched darkness fine rays of light show up,
awakened consciousness stirs and gleams in closed eyes,
on heart's farm-yard pent up desires sprout,
and in mind's mango-grove leaf-buds of love unfurl!

ii

as though sandal-wood paste were smeared on the florescent
fine body,

as though soorma with a camphorate aroma were applied to the
eyes,

as though a potion of ambrosia has been dropped in the ears,

as though drops of honey have been sprayed upon the
tongue,

and as if, pleasing fragrances have hustled into the nostrils-
sweet presentiments have been awakened in the mind;—
the sonorous notes of the celestial hours have blended
harmoniously

with the ringing of bells of the eastern outer-gate;

the cluster of colorful beams of soul's piquancy is absorbed
in the magnificent crimson brilliance of the morning;

the heap of celestial rays of the sun have merged

with the glow of the sparkling torch of thought;

the zephyrs of morning have marched forward arm in arm
with the gentle ripples of breath exhaled by gladdened lives;

perhaps it's time to pay the lord devotions mine;

time perhaps to be all alone with the spouse divine;

so that billows of ambrosia rise on in the stream of melody,

and the creeper of passion sends fourth tender sproutlings,

why don't you sing, o koil dearie, why don't you!

iii

in tune with the mellow rumble of rhythm
emanating from the waves of the celestial ganges,
the queen-bee seated on the lotus-throne has been
soulfully providing the drone;—
sighted must have been somewhere
the blue beautiful enchanting cloud,
the dandying peacock has already been dancing
unfolding the colourful bunch of plumes like a fan;—
ruminating of the beloved, looking hither and thither
as longing intensifies,
the coquetish sweet tongued mynah gracefully approaches
its parrot-mate and whispers something in the ear;
perhaps it's time to pay the lord, devotions mine,
time perhaps to be all alone with the spouse divine;
clear your throat, and as novel melodies resonate,
in notable rhymes on the charmer of the world,
raising the enchanting fifth note
why don't you sing, o koil dearie, why don't you?

iv

just now a series of lightning flashes has been sighted;
 just now, some sound of an auspicious musical band has been heard;
 just now, the blowing of some delicate zephyr has been felt;
 just now, some celestial aroma has been smelt:—
 dazzled are the eyes; throbbed is the heart;
 the hair stands on end; and consciousness is absolved in the thought about the absolute;
 perhaps it's time to pay the lord, devotions mine;
 time perhaps to be all alone with the spouse divine;
 until I go for purifying ablution in
 the cool waters of the red-lotus-lake,
 until I fetch a potful of the most sacred water
 for washing the feet of the beloved of glorious nature,
 until I gather delicate leaves and golden flowers
 to offer the lord,
 until I immerse deeply in the meditation of the name
 of my soul's sustainer, and forget myself,
 raising the enchanting fifth note, sweetly, softly,
 sonorous, soul-stirring and auspicious
 why don't you sing, o koil dearie, why don't you!

the sweet-voiced cuckoo has been entranced
in the song of sacred wedlock;
the queen-bee is stuck up in the musical buz of love;
I am lost in the ocean of bliss,
wouldn't you be gracious now, o celestial spouse?

*momentary grace of
lord-
sudden withdrawal-
-the mist-
upsurging of longing-
recollection of own faults-
resh supplication.*

V

when I am in a state of concentrated trance,
lost utterly lost in unwavering devotion,
meditating on your sublime image,
when I am aware of only you as my universe,-
does it amuse you to have bewildered me
showing off your amorous postures,
graceful movements of gait and talents of histrionics?

vi

as a helpless maid not knowing anything else,
 as a modest woman of fickle mind,
 as a beloved who cannot hide her love,
 could I not approach you, eagerly hoping
 to embrace you, the lord of my life?
 standing before me,-
 would you find fault with me for that,
 would it be proper on your part , o embodiment of love,
 to have gone way, leaving me in a miserable plight!

vii

fancying you in my mind, when I sing
a lyric about you in passion unparalleled,
when the melody of my tone merges
in the pure air of the lyre,
when chaste thought combines with pure airs
precipitating nuances in the melodic mode,
when the unique stream of my pure spiritual pleasure
flows in full into the stream of your love,
when my whole person is delighted and
when I am happily asleep having lost the sense of physical
body,
is it your sport, o lord of my heart,
to have come unawares, acted unaccountably,
snapped my trance of love and
to have gone out of my sight, breaking into peals of laughter?

viji

through the mature melodic notes of the koil,
 having sung songs which make thought germinate,-
 through the exquisite enchanting prattle of the parot,
 having uttered words which make love trickle,-
 through the delicate rumbling of the sandal scented zephyrs,
 having whispered messages melting the heart,-
 through the buzzing hum of the bumble bee in the flower-grove
 having passed instruction in the charm of love,-
 do you think it beneath your status, o lord of the world,
 to have favoured me, the slave at your feet, with your presence?

ix

in the glass panes of decoration, hung here and there,
in the lockets made of gold and precious gems,
in the trickling globules of tears of joy,
in the look at the beyond and the look inward,
revealing yourself as the multifaced one,
eluding from touch and even approach,
is it your frolic, O soul of the universe,
to make me weary, with frequent and fond hopes?

X

I thought you came exhausted, and feeling pity for you,
with cool rose-water I washed your feet,
pressed them dry with a fragrant napkin,
enthroning you on a pedestal of fresh blossoms,
offered fruit juices and refreshing drinks,
smeared sandal wood paste on your graceful body,
made you relish the camphorated nut and betel leaf,
and standing by your side, to relieve you of your fatigue,
when I was fanning with the chowries of jasmines,
are you justified, o lord of my life,
to have gone away, making me lose my senses,
throwing dust in my eyes,
and spreading your net of illusion?

xi

I placed the garland round your neck,
but my eyes did not have their fill of you;
I folded my hands and fell at your feet,
but my hands were not full with the fullness of service;
I stood looking at you like a dumb artless maiden,
but never conversed to meet the demands of love;
of ever so many things, I cherished in my mind
yet could not straight away express my wish;
sleep seemed to have overtaken consciousness,
mists overcame light in my eyes and my sight;
a tornado seemed to be rising in the cloud-clear sky,
in my devotion and prayers, delusion arose;
tremulousness seemed to have infected sound,
and there was faltering in my thought and my word;
darkness seemed to be discovered in light,
forgetfulness corrupted my mind and consciousness;
thinking that enjoyment of happiness is a sacrilege
and losing one's senses a fault,
is it proper on your part, o lord of my soul,
to have perpetrated all these false pretences?

ix

xii

if there were violations on my part
 conscious or unconscious,
 in thought, word, or deed,
 make not much of them,
 forgive me my merciful lord,
 and heartily once again fulfil my vision;
 separation from you, I cannot bear even for a second;
 favour me with your presence, o embodiment of essence of all!

xiii

since I do not know your personal predilections,
and your preferences for various occasions,
what a long time since I secured much to offer you—
in the western chamber of the chapel of love,
at the altar of adoration of exalted passion,
crystal clear nectar in the crescent-moon-cup,
refreshing honey in the white-lotus-vessel,
in a dish of tender-leaf rice boiled in milk,
sweet ripe fruits in the cup of two-fold palm:—
yet, how can I bear your delay, lord of my heart!

xiv

on the forehead of night, there is glory of love,
blossoms the lily with a ripple on mother's bosom,
in the divine mansion, the lamps are lighted,
in the sanctum sanctorum the bells keep ringing,
the maid of the east holds the umbrella of gold,
the beauty of the universe waves the floral chowries,
on the threshold of your palace of boundless pleasure,
like courtiers in attendance are the elements of nature;
how is it my lord, you know no hunger,
it is time for the banquet, come, come my lord!

XV

you are the shoreless sea of sublimity,
I am the novel ark of boundless bliss;
I am 'manas' the lake of pure waters,
'cygnus' the heavenly swan of joy are you;
you are the full-moon of lasting bright phase,
glory am I of your pure consciousness;
I am the graceful divine creeper of desires,
you are the princely bee tinged with passion;
you are the cloud which is the delight of all beings,
I am the limpid long curv'e of lightning;
I am the nymph of splendour of the heavenly grove,
you are the sprightly lord of the spring of bubbling youth;
you are the deity and the halo am I ;
I am the embodiment of all blessings,
and you the one who is all that is good;
I belong to you and you to me,
why do you hide yourself, my heart's overlord!

xvi

in the heart of the heavenly garden of happiness,
 where the rivers of love flow, where the creepers of love
 grow,
 where the tender leaves of love sprout, the buds of love are
 laid,
 the flowers of love blossom, the fragrances of love spread,
 and the fruits of love ripen,
 where love is everything everywhere,
 let us be a pair of love-birds
 on the waves of ambrosia rocked in the play of love,
 in a series of arcs of the swing of love,
 floating in love, singing lyrics of love as love lays tender
 shoots,
 hoarding the riches of joy of love,
 come on, let us rule over the kingdom of love,
 according to the law of love, o lord of my love!

the rumbling of drums on the eastern sector
is enfeebled by the pure airs of lyre,
in the pleasure garden of heaven please don't blow for a
while
o koil, the melodious snake-charmer's pipe!

*the quest-
commissioning the
bumble bee for
drawing the chariot
of love,-and
carrying the message
of love;*

xvii

through the vicinity of young mango branches,
along the trails of graceful cool retreats,
through the habitats of tender-leaved-creepers,
along the environs of red-lotus lakes,
through the surroundings of sweet smelling streamlets,
towards all directions facing level tracts of the breeze of love,
with tenacity of purpose and impassioned rigour,
go about very carefully in one quick round,
observing along the meadows of moon-light,
or seeing thoroughly in every direction,
or surveying among the clusters of stars,
or searching entirely the endless space,
finding out the traces of the virtuous one,
he'll have to be held and brought, or else he may give me the
slip,-
the floral chariot in the pleasure grove of love,
bring, bring, o bumble bee, bring driving quickly!

xviii

the tender leaf boat from the river of passion
is whirling into which ocean of love?

the surge of melody from the shrubbery of twigs
is going to which celestial precincts?

the delicious fragrance from the mature flower
is flying across which ethereal path?

the forked lightning from the star-studded sky
is getting absorbed in which glorious light?

in divining trails even in common air,
talented are you and such divine being,

the floral chariot in the pleasure grove of love
bring, bring, o bumble bee, bring drawing it quickly!

xix

where dainty juices
are splashed in combined jets
of honey from blossoms
and sweet ambrosia;—
where modes of melody
come out in harmony
of solemn temple drone
with the, koils' delicate tone;—
where sensuous fragrance
is strewn from the spread-out
of sweet scent of flowers
in balmy cool breezes;
where lightnings are flashed out
from the mixed brightness
of glow of precious stones,
with heartening moonlight;—
ere getting drunk in honey
or stunned by melody
or getting charmed by fragrance
or faltering in glitter,-
keeping in mind my word
and fancying my plight,
befriending me
and feeling pity for me,-
the floral chariot
in the pleasure grove of love
bring, bring o bumble bee
bring driving quickly!

XX

may be the lord is there
in the lake of lotuses,
having sighted him there
the swan is running thither;—
may be the chum is there
in the orchard of mangoes,
having fancied him there
the parrot started prattling;—
is there the handsome one
among the florid branches?
the sweet-voiced koil
has been calling by name!—
may be the master's there
'n the bower of flower creepers,
having located him
the peacock spreads his plume;—
going through the bylanes
to the hero of my life,
he'll have to be held and brought
ere he gives me the slip;—
the floral chariot in the pleasure grove of love
bring, bring o bumble bee, bring driving quickly!

xxi

singns are there
of spreading nicely
a golden blanket
in the eastern court-yard!—
shades are there
of umbrella of pearls
which is held erect on
the ripple of milky way;—
traces are there
of slow movement
of the chariot of gems
on the royal highway!—
remnants are there
of flowers showered
by the celestial trees
in the garden of peace;—
this way might have gone
universe's pretty one
from the eastern promenade
earlier in the day!—
along the trail of his foot prints in space
you will have to follow and search for my lord;
the floral chariot in the plaseure grove of love
bring, bring, o bumble bee, bring driving quickly!

xxii

while in the heart of the unfathomable ocean
 is burning many a divine torch,
 while in the endless blue firmament
 is radiating many a lustrous lamp,
 while in the widely extensive cosmic space
 is flickering many a glowing wick,
 while through the immeasurable expanse of earth
 is shining forth many a light of love,
 has he not gone away deceiving me,
 making me forget myself
 and succumb to his legerdemain!
 I shall see where my master would hide himself slyly,
 without being seen or seeing me:—
 as the heavenly lustre from the festoons of lights
 provides touches of shades to the spokes of wheels,
 the floraly chariot in the pleasure grove of love
 bring, bring, o bumble bee, bring driving quickly!

xxiii

on the eastern mountains
 one is likely to get
 the elixir of life
 which suppresses all evil;
 in the southern pleasure parks
 may be available
 the fan of tender leaf
 giving from heat, relief;
 in the western frontier
 can perhaps be sighted
 the holy river which
 washes off all the sins;
 in the northern tracts of land
 is likely to be reached
 the hermitage of the realised
 which offers peace of mind;
 in the cover of monsoon cloud
 perhaps one may perceive
 the glow of bright lightning
 showing the beaten track;
 without looking back
 going very quickly
 oh, I will have to search
 through-out the universe;
 the floral chariot
 in the pleasure grove of love
 bring bring, o bumble bee
 bring driving quickly!

xxiv

either in the heaven
or on the earth,
in the row of clouds
or in the ocean,
in the fierce forests
or on the mountains,
through hot summer winds
or in the scorching sun,
losing not the way
nor bumping about,
showing your felicity
in veering round the wheels,
the floral chariot
in the pleasure grove of love,
bring bring, o bumble bee
bring driving quickly!

XXV

in case you help me see
 the pretty bodied one
 you'll be the guest of honour
 in the mansion of lotus,
 in case you make me meet
 the mine of all virtues
 the garden of 'vakul' flowers
 shall be bequeathed to you,
 in case you make me reach
 the feet of my master
 the heavenly pleasure garden
 shall be assigned to you
 in case you make me stand
 'n the presence of lord of all
 the creeper of fulfilled desires
 shall be presented to you;
 a bundle of loving wishes,
 these are my words spoken
 'n the same breath as I sang
 praising the most pretty one!
 keeping in mind my word,
 and fancying my plight,
 in friendly attitude
 feeling pity for me
 the floral chariot
 in the pleasure grove of love
 bring bring o bumble bee
 bring driving quickly!

xxvi

the lamp of luminous gems
 in the palace amorous
 is shedding effulgence
 throughout the universe;
 the lute of high passion
 'n the city of beauty
 's reverberating
 across the triple world;
 the scent of redolent casket
 in the chest of saphires
 spreads in the ovary
 of the cosmic lotus;
 the refreshing rivulet
 'n the tract of golden sands
 pervading earth and heaven
 has been over-flowing;
 the master magician
 residing in the mind,
 the amiable little thief
 who stole away the heart,

would he have sprayed at me

some ash of sorcery?

presenting me the vision

of bliss personified

he has gone out of sight under **my very nose!**

being out of senses

I could not apprehend

the lord of my life

ere he gave me the slip;

anywhere let him hide

'tis not late even now,

he must be held and brought

ere he goes far away!

the floral chariot

in the pleasure grove of love

bring bring o bumble bee

bring driving quickly!

सुरस्त्र वेष्याद्य वान एव भूवा

once again the mist—
recollection of own
omission: and offences

xxvii

babol ban boqsiw diw
 at the time of my service
 to the lord of benevolence
 did I falter and act
 'n any improper way?
 at the time of my talking
 to the hero of my life
 did I falter and say
 any unwanted word?
 at the time of my praising
 the allurer of all
 did I falter and sing
 some song of wrong choice?
 at the time of my prayer
 to love personified
 did I falter and pray
 for boons which are taboo?—
 the floral wreath retained
 its fragrance fresh as ever,
 the blaze of burning camphor
 was aflame in same fervour
 the platter of offerings
 remained as it was held

babol odi ni baibunu
 tial odi ni baibunu
 baibwari le tambilodu odi
 baibasrib guivnd
 illa in muler jan zoob
 baibasrib baibwari odi
 abraam qab yiev tait
 uob qm woad ton uoy ob
 illi qm lo yowian odi
 tiamom q'va andauo
 aburiv illa lo main odi
 baibaslio ed odi bluoda
 baibumos thul qm ro
 tespene Ro saw i muler
 lot of ovdliw uoy
 bladed rwo qm no
 illi qm lo bhol odi o
 aguined qm illa fooda
 torado baib odi
 rolo lo rolo amuq odi ni
 ood oldand o gaib gaib
 tyakup guivnd gaib

with wrapped and folded things
 unruffled in the least;
 the embodiment of knowledge
 having disappeared,
 does not return at all,-
 I know not what he fancied;-
 that very day onwards
 do you not know my dear
 the misery of my life
 counting ev'ry moment?
 the mine of all virtues
 should he be offended
 for my fault committed
 when I was off senses!
 you will have to tell
 on my own behalf
 to the lord of my life
 about all my bearings;
 the floral chariot
 in the pleasure grove of love
 bring bring o bumble bee
 bring driving quickly!

xxviii

except standing in awe, as hairs
bristled all over my body
when I could discern my master
revealing his divine presence:-
except merely installing
within the life-size looking glass
the person of my beloved,
abode of all prosperity,-
except foolishly shrinking back
on seeing the lord of my soul
whom I was able to make out
all of a sudden, unawares:-
except merely enthroning
on the little lotus dais
the sole lord of the univerwe
shining in abundant glory,-
except merely getting choked
in the voice calling aloud
the affable one by his name
in sonorous lyrics of love,-
except allowing the image
of none other than all knowledge
and container of cosmic whole
buoy up in half closed limpid eyes,-
is there any other offence
committed by this poor bond-maid,
I will have to ask the master
kindly to pronounce his verdict:-
the floral chariot
in the pleasure grove of love,
bring bring o bumble bee,
bring driving quickly!

the quest - land marks
of his habitat and marks
of guidance to identify.

xxix

I can not spend ev'n a second
 if I don't see my beloved
 to the fulfilment of my eyes;
 I can not stand ev'n a minute
 if I don't serve in the court of
 defender of the destitutes;
 I can not spend ev'n an hour
 if I don't esteem myself as
 deserving of my husband's hand;
 I can not bear ev'n a moment
 if I don't achieve oneness with
 the supreme master of my soul;
 as such, having been bereft of
 the Lord of life granting all wants
 like the duck laying golden eggs,
 how can I live in solitude?
 in the lake of icy water
 rise submarine fires and have been
 puffing out smoke in flower-beds;
 fire breaks out in the mountain glen
 and flames arise through tender leaves,
 hot tornado sweeps the ocean,-
 pendemonium fills the space;
 shadows of darkness envelop
 the hermitage of the seers,-
 disappears in the darkness
 the divine form with red halo!
 while I am dizzy and can't walk
 what are you idly looking at?-
 -the florl chariot
 in the pleasure grove of love
 bring bring o bumble bee
 bring driving quickly!

XXX

he might be in his royal court
 'n the glorious pavilion
 in the lake of sublime passion,
 throwing a floral noose on him
 love embodied is to be held;
 the floral chariot
 in the pleasure grove of love
 bring bring o bumble bee
 bring driving quickly !

xxxi

may be he's on a jolly ride
'n a raft of blossoming lotus
on the waves of ambrosia
amidst the sea of sublime love,--
holding a lotus stem in hand
I have to bring the enchanter,—
-the floral chariot
in the pleasure grove of love,
bring bring o bumble bee
bring driving quickly!

xxxii

may be he has ben resting on
 a couch of full blown floral bed,
 laid in the golden mansion
 in the heart of the gard'n of peace;
 holding a torch of red lily
 bliss embodied is to be sought,—
 —the floral chariot
 in the pleasure grove of love
 bring bring o bumble bee
 bring driving quickly!

xxxiii

perhaps he might have gone asleep,
'n the open lawn full of moon-light,
at the meeting place of highways
'n the city of subtle beauty,
you will have to sing waking up
the amorous gay wanderer
in a key which's in concordance
with the most elegant of verses,
—the floral chariot
in the pleasure grove of love,
bring bring o bumble bee
bring driving quic ly!

his look, my dear,
is exceptional
like distempering
the rainbow colours;
his smile, my dear,
is exemplary
and lo radiates
the sheen of the moon;
his speech, my dear,
is out of the way
and each word showers
the drops of honey;
these are, my dear,
the marks of guidance
to identify
the lord of my soul!

*the quest-continues-
with renewed ardour
and anguish of loveli-
ness,—*

*a maid in waiting is
intimated about all his
manifestations in
the universe.*

xxxiv

the lamp of my interior
 the ornament of my body,
 my mountain of golden treasure
 and my festoon of fine flowers—
 engaged in lively sport with me
 deceived and left me all alone—
 in the pleasure grove of heaven
 having gone through a beaten track
 beyond anyone's conjecture
 having mounted the mansion
 of exquisite saphires,—
 while he has been surveying all
 the universe's thoroughfares
 knowing no rest from activity,
 came suddenly from the blue sky
 the star-damsels welcoming him
 with the incense of camphor fumes;
 have you heard this bit of news,
 o maiden with a flower-like mien?
 have you sighted my husband,
 o woman, with a golden sh

XXXV

having plucked all flowers
 blossomed unblossomed,
 fastened together
 to a cord of lotus stalks,—
 when I was about to
 tether the master juggler,
 gaiety personified
 having waylaid me
 through an unbeaten track,
 the unfrequented heather,—
 teased me and left alone;
 when he was on the garden-path,
 dancing playful flower damsels
 offered him refreshing sweet drinks;
 have you heard this bit of news,
 o maiden with a flower like mien?
 have you sighted my husband,
 o woman with a golden sheen?

xxxvi

having discarded home
 and deserted me—his consort,
 roaming about aimlessly
 like an insane fool in the streets,
 whatever was asked for
 by whomsoever he met,
 having given away in charity,
 exposing not himself to want,
 suppressing sensitivity,
 sans-hunger sans-thirst,
 having resorted to forests,
 having had discourses with those
 lacking in any sense at all,
 handfuls of well-seasoned wine
 filled in the cups of folded leaf
 reeling and rolling, it appears
 he revelled away in drinking sport;
 have you heard this bit of news,
 o maiden with a flower-like mien?
 have you sighted my husband,
 o woman with a golden sheen?

xxxvii

throwing into a violent fire
the divine ball of gold and gems
spinning away the silver plate
of heavenly manna quietly,
flinging the charming festoons of
pearls helter-skelter into the sky
smearing with soot and wiping out
the looking glass of diamond hue,
enjoys seeing his own image
and smears the same with soot again;
 withdrawing into a corner
like a playful and cross-grained child
he seems to have been in hiding-
have you heard this bit of news,
o maiden with a flower-like mien?
have you sighted my husband,
o woman with a golden sheen?

xxxviii

all pure notes having unified into one,—
 all possible sounds, having moulded into one,—
 all purposes, having worked out into one,—
 all shades of thought, having patterned into one,—
 with no sense of body and in a key in soprano,
 without a break for breath, while he was singing to himself,
 the gazelle-eyed girls of heaven in gay abandon
 worshipped the sacred feet of the lord of all living beings
 with flowers held in folded hands and fruits of ardent love!
 have you heard this bit of news,
 o maiden with a flower-like mien?
 have you sighted my husband
 o woman with a golden sheen ?

xxxix

in a spacious mountain cave
rent by grave noises of
wild animals causing terror,
on a couch of marble stone
while the lord has been asleep
forgetting all mundane things
like the baby crescent-moon
—came in search of him
the nymphs of wilderness—
sang awakening
ballads in triple notes
covering three octaves
in every direction,
from heaven down to earth,—
rousing him from slumber
holding him in embrace
fondled him and fainted
the nymphs of wilderness:—
have you heard this bit of news,
o maiden with a flower-like mien?
have you sighted my husband,
o woman with a golden sheen?

XL

having swum across the waves of the ocean,
 danced along with groups on the hill terraces,
 flew floral balls in the forest of virtue,
 played hide and seek with the heavenly veil of snow,
 stopping nowhere but wandering everywhere,
 when he was strolling according to his whim
 somebody having foollowed him
 feeling fatigue in the least,
 having suddenly held him
 and forbidding any movement
 seemed to have imprisoned him
 in the cage of warm embrace!—
 have you heard this bit of news,
 o maiden with a flower-like mien?
 have you sighted my husband,
 o woman with a golden sheen?

XLi

‘n the unseen and unfading auspicious moment,
on the unlaid and and unconstructed stage of time,—
setting up unbecoming and unplaced dolls,
having given them shape with colours and symbols,—
in plays of flippancy and cheep common taste
having made them speak words which are plain and plenty
behind a curtain which is black and white
with cool and hot torches on either side
seems to have put up shows of crafty dramas
on epic themes anyone has ever written:—
have you heard this bit of news,
o maiden with a flower-like mien?
have you sighted my husband,
o woman with a golden sheen?

*once again the mist—
element of jealousy.*

XLii

the last loving look of that day
when dust was thrown into my eyes,
who is the woman claiming as
her first blossom of the season?
the lip donning a smile that day
when he passed out of my domain,
who is she that has converted
as her own monsoon's first lightning?
my autumn bereft of all splendour, my dear,
has become the spring for that blessed woman!
my night enveloped by utter darkness
has become the day for that fortunate dame!
being so intimate for such a long time
the lord of the world has turned to some-one else!
have you heard this bit of news,
o maiden with a flower-like mien?
have you sighted my husband,
o woman with a golden sheen?

at the time of going on
the floral chariot,
on the occasion of my singing
impassioned lyrics,
when the sweet melody of
my lord's flute is heard,
o my mind, o my mind,
do not get ruffled!

*renewed quest to fathom
the depths of love, to
scale up the heights of
holiness,
to bombard
the citadel of joy
and to capture
the Lord.*

XLiii

when my husband is present in the mansion of love
 when he calls affectionately pouring out his heart,
 when bliss personified is playing about,
 o my mind, o mind, do not get ruffled!
 when the beloved is sporting in the temple of love,
 when the beloved is rocking in the swing of love,
 when the beloved is swimming in the ocean of love,
 o my mind, o my mind, do not get ruffled!
 when the fort of wedlock is about to be seized,
 when the empire of delight is about to be conquered,
 when the drum of victory is about to be beaten,
 o my mind, o my mind, do not get ruffled!

XLIV

the omen of broomstick ascends in the sky
portending good time during my Journey,—
the prattling parrot from the mango orchard
forestalling fruitfulness comes across my way:—
foreshadowing order the flute of saphires
sounds on its own, in the tender-leaf-park,—
the wreath of crysanthimum stumbles by itself
on one of the arch-ways signalling safety—
omens are sighted imparting happiness
the moment has come assuring good fortune!
sitting on an exalted seat, raising his hand,
my husband invites me, calling me by my name;
he implores on me pouring out his heart and love,
why don't you send me off, my dear friends!

XLv

perching on the top 'n an imposing manner
 the confidante cuckoo holds tender-leaf-banner!
 ascends in haste in the rear of floral car
 the swan maiden raising the lotus-umbrella!
 the parrot maid comes bringing bunches of ripe fruit
 and sits by my side as chatting companion!
 all properties useful for worshipping the lord
 having furnished in the car I'm ready to start !
 as the whole world bathes in the waves of divine wine
 and the universe is filled with sublime aroma,
 and the eyes are bewildered by long curves of lightning,
 drive quickly, bumble bee, drive the chariot!

XLVI

from the palace-avenue
in the borough of passion
is heard the melody
of the divine flute!
from the temple of splendour
in the city of sacred union
are heard the delicate notes
of the celestial lute!
from the topmost peak
in the crimson of dawn
is heard the symphonic buz
of the song of cosmos!
from the environs of
the abode of the supreme
is heard the sonorous drone
of the bards of the scriptures!
the moment has come
to revere the lord of all
be careful, be careful,
o pair of my hands!
this is the time
to see the seer of all,—
be steady, be steady,
o pair of my eyes!
this is the juncture
to know the ancient one,—
attention, attention,
o my conscience!
this is the moment
to meet the limits of wisdom,
be secure, be secure,
o jewel of my life!

v. 12

*the quest-continues-
talk to the parrot-maid
and confidente koil
about the excitements
of the coming union,
—and the tryst.*

xlvii

because of him, having learnt to speak,
 can't the tongue speak to the lord of the world?
 because of him, having learnt to move,
 doesn't the body know to reach the heart's o'verlord?
 because of him, having learnt to think,
 can't the mind fancy the lord of all beings?
 because of him, having learnt to see,
 can't the eyes see him who is sublime pleasure!
 because of him, hving learnt to hear
 can't the ears listen to the music of the mate?
 how much of longing is there in illusion?
 how much of splendour is there in longing?
 flashed a lightning in the path of the stars;
 and occured an illusion stunning cosmos;
 when both the pairs of eyes have met in one plane
 did a garland of saphires swing across the sky?
 when both the faces have come across each other
 did a creeper of moonlight entwine the cosmos?
 when words of each have echoed one with the other
 did all directions resound in divine lyrics?
 when both the hearts felt the warmth of one another,
 did the whole nature feel lost in itself?
 you are an adept in telling in no time
 the meaning of the supreme soul and nature
 as it is, in one word, about everything,
 tell me please, tell me, my dear parrot!

xlviii

the laughter that's born out of a thicket of flowers,
 the pleasing smile bearing a heavy load of fragrance,
 the sweet laughter soft as the ripple of the ganges,
 the smile which is delightful like lovely full-moon,
 the laughter which twinkles like the buds of stars,
 the smile which is pure as the flash of lightning,
 all seem to be surprisingly absorbed into one
 and only gentle smile of the sweet enchanting person!
 it looked as though amiable nature in the pleasing smile
 has had an irrevocable stamp of absolute bliss!
 sweet ambrosia in the sweet moonlight,
 sweet sentiment in the sweet ambrosia,
 sweet creative thought in the sweet sentiment
 appealing image in the sweet creative thought
 heartening glory in the appealing image,
 when everything is moulded into sweet enchanting art,—
 attuning all hearts to sweet music
 of lovely lyrics in melodious notes
 may we merge ourselves in the celestial spouse
 sing sing o koil please sing a lyric!

xlix

by any amount of observance of austere acts
 any penances or other severe stern rites,
 the lord of life surrendering out of his compassion
 is verily the fortune bestowed on the 'woman-kind!'
 my lord who is the lord of all has been here today
 favouring me with his presence and radiating love!
 he does not speak, what has happened when I have talked to him
 can he not make out love, which has been concealed in my eyes?
 he does not see, what has happened when I have been staring,
 can he not perceive gentle smile lingering on my lips?
 he does not smile, what has happened when I have smiled at him,
 can he not witness all fancying having ceased anon?
 high is my praise-worthiness having had the unique sight
 of my loving host and the one who pervades all my thoughts!
 hair is bristling through out my person my eyes having crossed
 his side glances full of sublime passion and graciousness!
 when the ruby-hued one is really near by us,
 why should we move about in the crimson of twilight?
 when the panacea of the realised is in our own hands,
 why should we roam about in the frightful wilderness?
 when the divine soorma is already in our eyes
 why should we wander about among festoons of lights?
 when the wealth of knowledge is in the path of conscience
 why should we grope in the dark dungeons of verbal charm?
 where is the need to go mad behind the veil of illusion?
 come come o mind, accompany and come along with me!

I

the solemn thread sanctified with turmeric
 is linked with continuous conjugal bliss;
 on the well-polished pane of lightning-looking-glass
 embossed is the figure of the sweet pretty one!
 on the lamp-post which enlightens nukes and corners
 illuminated is the light of knowledge;
 at the gate-way of the fort where wants are fulfilled
 the flag of victory is installed for good:—
 more than having a stroll in the frontiers of knowledge
 more than playing about in the throughfare of bliss
 more than singing aloud in the abode of the supreme
 what else remains for you to eagerly desire?
 the creeper of divine wine is happily swinging
 on the cool and soft billows of southern hill-breeze;
 sing sing o koil, please sing away a lyric,
 in the sweet melody of the balmy southern breeze!

turns all
the pale jaded world to right
and takes with the right hand
the golden honey bee
in whose heart the greater
and smaller bee and the
divine in the shade of blossoms
the withinmost nectarine
gives the allance of infinite forms
the broad should the nectarine

*

until today in the exclusive service of the lord
having got over the fatigue of sitting on a lotus throne-
having attained the flowery union with the divine glory,
the queen bee humming, has been maintaining the drone
repeating the sonorous chord again and again!

*the tryst—
the flowery union
with the divine glory—
and personal supplication
at the sacred feet.*

li

the pale january full-moon-night
dons the october shining veil;
the dried-up paralysed summer lake
revives 'n the shade of monsoon cloud;
the withered autumnal creeper-maid
gets the dalliance of delicate spring;
the blue-veil reveals the ruby-moon
whose beams make lilies boom in smile;
the bee crosses the leaf-bud-fence;
the flower groves bubble with honey divine,
the glow of moon-beam shining on
the warm tear-drop cheers body and soul;
splendour dormant in the whirling sighs
enlivens the heart like scented incense;—
—having meditated upon your glory eternal,
having seen your person of endless enchantment,
having offered you service in so many pleasing ways,
o lord of my heart, having loved you always,
the one who's the abode of eternal truth and bliss
at least after such an unaccountable time,
I assess myself praiseworthy among my fellow-brides!

iii

that day in the park of the palace-court-yard
in the thicket of the full blown spring-creeper
when I was sitting opposite to you and
playing a number of times on humble lute,
lyric of pure airs on yo'r amorous sport,
you've left mercilessly and gone out of sight!
lord of my life, if after all you dislike,
of what earthly use is this, my golden lute?

l.iii

groping through dense darkness, having my eyes closed
having lost my way when I wander about;
as tears roll down and fill fathomless sea,
and I am about to sink off my moorings;—
amidst the forest fire acute with distress
when I am ablaze and without a respite;
rousing with my sighs the whirling hurricane
knowing no direction when I blink about;
in the unpeopled tract of forgetfulness
when I am unable to sense anything;
in wilderness of wasted creative zeal
when I am coiled by reptiles of mundane desires;
'n the perennial volcano of despair
when I am swung in the flames of discontent,—
you see everything, but deem not to notice,
you hear everything but seem not to listen,
you know everything, but appear not to know:—
listen to my call, yet, pretend ignorance,
and keep away from this bond-maid for a long time,—
lord of my heart could you be without mercy?

liv

before drying up, this mountain stream merges
 'n the ocean of divine wine, so far so good!
 before fading out, this floral wreath is donned
 by the immortal one, well, so far so good!
 as the rain drop falling from the black dense cloud
 becomes an affable and glittering pearl.,
 the carbon atom in the bowels of earth
 turns into a spotless, and priceless diamond,
 the feeble worm covered in the layers of mud
 changes into a sacred conch-shell of triumph;
 the credit of my virtue, o lord of my life,
 is my praiseworthiness in your august presence!

lv

having made this bud full-blown
why should you delay so long
to fasten into a garland?

having made this fruit ripened
why should you delay so long
to enjoy its eating?

having composed this lyric
why should you delay so long
to set it to music and sing?

having reared this mynah
why should you delay so long
to impart training in speech?

whatever it is, at least now,—

favoured by the side-glance tinged with your grace
I am able to discover to the fulfilment of my eyes
the cream delectable 'n the nectar of mercy,
the crystal sugar in honey of compassion,
the sanctified ripple on the juice of kindness
the wish fulfilling tree 'n the grove of graciousness
incomparable is my fortune, o my lord!

lvi

the cloud garment with the lightning embroidery
who has woven and presented to you?
the floral couch along with the veil of fragrance
who has carpentered and offered to you?
the garland of celestial starry gems
who has fastened and given you as gift?
the enchanting blue mansion without boundaries
who has constructed and bequeathed to you?
one may ask only out of impudence,
or for a fleeting self-satisfaction;
to you, the minutest of all molecules
and a body surpassing the whole universe,
and the greater purpose than the greatest purpose
does it at all matter, o lord of my heart!

lvii

the supreme one, whose person contains all the universe,
o lord of all, I could see myself, very close to you;
the one who's the sole spectator of the whole cosmos,
the auspicious splendour I could see yo'r august person;
the one who is beyond the reach by argument of brain,
the greatest in magnitude, I could chat with you alone,
the one who is attached and also unattached to all,
the amorphous being! I could attain you at least now;—
—the marsh becomes identific with the milky ocean,
as water gets lost in the whiteness of milk;
here's the divine wine to satiate the endless thirst;
here's the elixir to relieve off the super heat;
horripilates the whole body, losing identity,
undulates the conscience 'n a high degree of pleasure,
some urge lays me uncontrollably prostrate at yo'r feet,
why don't you raise me to yo'r bosom o lord of my life!

benediction.

Iviii

an ant I have become, and crept unto the tender-leaf,
the fruit beyond the reach of hand could be held in my palm,
I've turned into a bird and flew into the firmament,
the divine food which subsides all hunger could be procured;
I'm transformed into an atom, and wandered through the
space,

the whole of my fatigued body could acquire sweet perfume;
a fish I have become and swum across the seven seas,
the abode of glory, I could somehow manage to reach,
fruitful is the labour, and fulfilled are the desires;
deglht is the reward and the sole aim is achieved;
your face which is most enchanting to behold
your face which is brightened with heavenly joy
your face which is full of spotless splendour,
I could see at last, and attain endless freedom!

lix

from your majestic face, which is the sole abode of love
 the tranquil luscious glory that is put forth,
 the divine pure glory that is cast out,
 the blissful eternal glory that surges out,
 the glory of good fortune that is spread out,
 could be discerned only by those who witness;—
 either intellectuals or teachers
 or master poets or other great men,
 why in so many words, who-so-ever it might be
 those who do not witness
 how can they be bestowed with that fortune?
 longing there might be, to praise,
 but the language is poor in vocabulary;
 intent there might be, to know,
 but the intellect is deficient in understanding,
 desire there might be, to describe,
 but the poesy badly needs gravity of thought!

Lx

let there be a beam of love
 in the music of the love-lorn maid,
 emanating from a raft that is floating away
 in the heart of a crystal-clear river
 that flows with a gentle rumble
 through the halo of hazy moon-light;—
 let there be a speck of happiness
 in the surge of the heartening novel melody of the lyre
 that is coming from a far off spot
 in concordance with the cuckoo's call
 from the thicket of the young delectable jasmine
 in the precincts of the pleasant palace park:—
 let there be an iota of bliss
 in the nectar of the song of divine nymphs
 swaying and singing during their sport
 in the swing of creepers laid hanging across
 the wishfulfilling 'parijata' trees
 in the pleasure grove of heaven!—
 may it impart happiness, may it be auspicious,
 may there be bliss, and may it be fair;
 but to vie with divine glory, my lord,
 of what standard is nature's beauty?

Lxi

the abode of incomparable sweetness
 the dwelling place of spotless love
 the habitat of matchless beauty
 the home of boundless bliss
 is the lotus of your face,
 the sacred pair of your feet,
 and your very divine presence;—
 having the looks fixed there
 having the mind concentrated there
 having the body laid there
 how can one leave you and go away?
 in the heart within the heart is imprinted
 your enchanting image;
 in the eyes within the eyes
 is reflected your loving image;
 in the ears within the ears
 is heard your occult charm;
 until this speck of dust with the least energy
 is lost in the ultimate reality,
 until the delicate ripple with the juice of love
 is lost in the ocean of divine wine,
 until this flame of light with the milk of affection
 is lost in the divine glory,
 until this burning camphor with this sweet fragrance
 is lost in the great tornado,
 until this love-lyric with these little words
 is lost in the divine melody,
 lord of my life, I shall concentrate on the divine pair
 of your louts-feet, serve them and worship them with devotion!

Lxii

o lord of all universe,
 let this play-doll be placed in your pleasure house;
 o protector of the world,
 let this flower-creeper be nurtured in your nursery of orchids;
 o wishfulfilling tree for devotees,
 let this little mynah be kept in your cage of affection;
 o abode of sanctity,
 let this golden stool be kept near your sacred pair of feet;
 because you are impartial to all beings
 from the minute molecule upto the whole cosmic sphere,
 I wanted to see you in person,
 I wanted to worship you,
 I wanted to listen to your speech,
 I wanted to serve you,—
 look at me with compassion,
 and maintain me as your bond-maid
 o lord of my life!

errata

page	line	as it reads.	as it should read.
3	1	the essence my speech.	the essence of my speech,
10	7	resh supplication.	fresh supplication.
27	8	with the, koil's	with the koil's
30	last but one	the floraly chariot	the floral chariot
39	28	to prono7nce	to pronounce
41	23	pendemonium	pandemonium
45	last line	quicly	quickly
47	3	loveliness	loneliness,
48	6	all alon	all alone-
	14	activiy	activity
	last line	golden sh	golden sheen
49	last line	shee	sheen
54	7	foollowed	followed
64	3	confidente	confidante
65	9	hving	having



*in the exclusive service of the lord
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the queen bee humming, has been maintaining the drone
repeating the sonorous chord again and again!*



transcreator of
"alone with the spouse divine"

b. Rajanikanta Rao (born 1920) son of Sri Balantrapu Venkat Rao, one of the illustrious joint poets Sri Venkataparvateesa Kavulu; M.A. of Andhra University (1940). Poet; playwright, musician, composer and musicologist.

A scholar in Telugu and Sanskrit, won several state awards and Central Sahitya Akademi award for his literary works; as a broadcaster, won the international award, the prestigious Japan Radio prize for his musical feature on 'The River Godavari' (1972); and the Akashvani award for his Sanskrit opera 'Meghasandesam' (1977) the latest laurel being the conferment of an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, 'Kala Prapoorna' by Andhra University, Waltair (June, 1980).

After retiring from All India Radio, as station director at Bangalore in January, 1978, he is now the special officer of Sri Venkateswara Kalapitham, TT Devasthanams, Tirupati.